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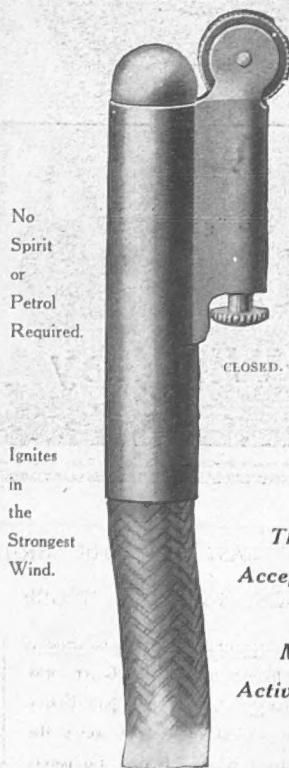
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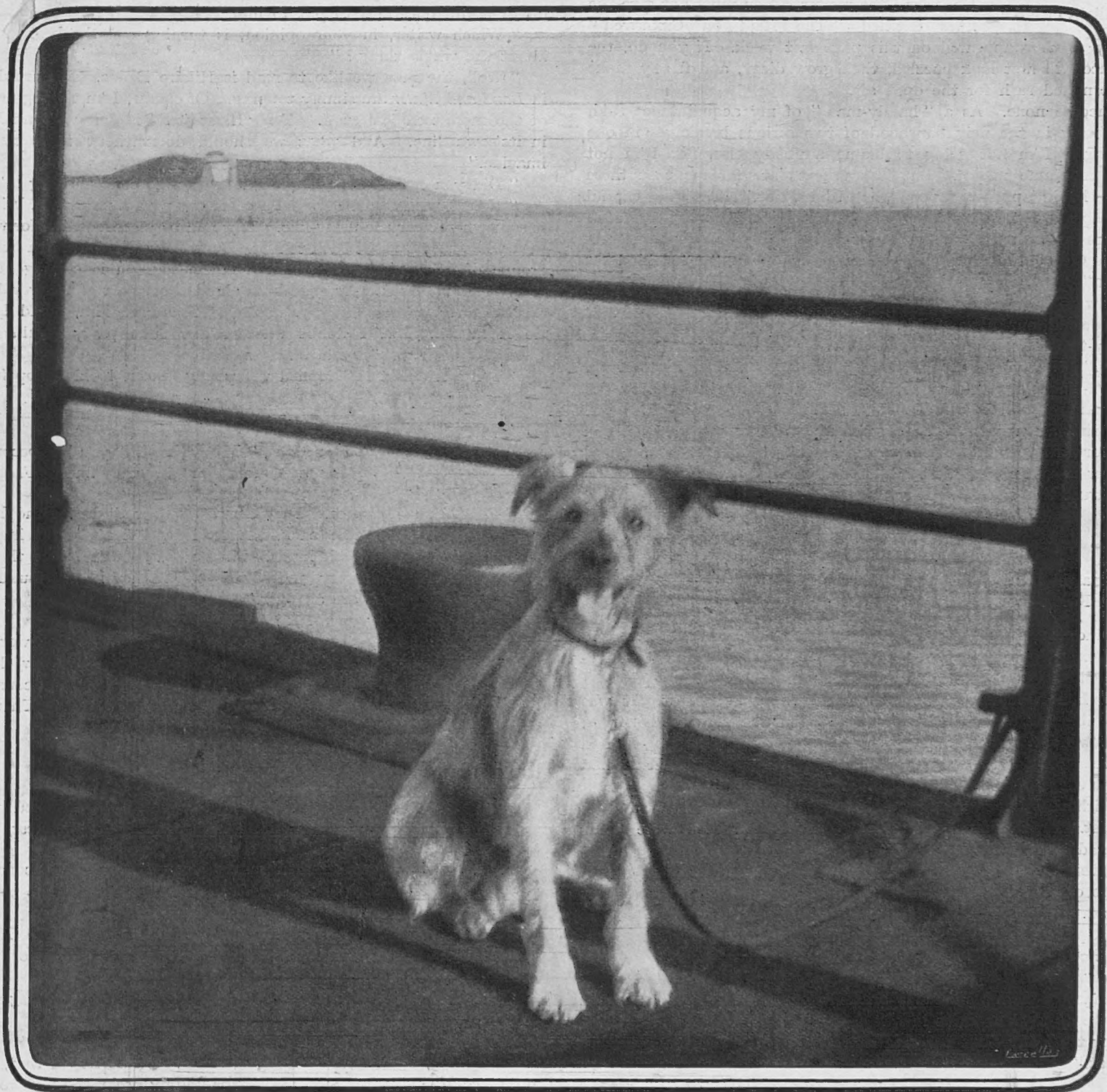
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The Sketch

No. 1146.—Vol. LXXXIX.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1915.

SIXPENCE.



WITH HIS MASTER TO THE LAST ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "FORMIDABLE": CAPTAIN LOXLEY'S FAITHFUL IRISH TERRIER, BRUCE, WHO SHARED HIS GALLANT END.

One of the survivors of the "Formidable," describing the last he saw of the battle-ship before leaving her in one of the boats, said: "The Captain's old terrier, Bruce, was standing on duty at his side on the forebridge to the last." Captain A. Noel Loxley had been in command of the "Formidable" since Sept. 2 last. The last words the seaman above quoted heard him say were: "Steady, men; it's all right. No panic, men. Keep cool, and be British. There's tons of life in the old ship yet." After

the "Formidable" was struck he signalled to another British ship: "Clear off; submarines about," thus carrying out the instructions of the Admiralty issued after the torpedoing of the "Hogue," "Cressy," and "Aboukir." As Lord Crewe said in the House of Lords: "In that he acted in a manner worthy of the highest traditions of the British Navy." Lord Crewe also said: "It is the definite opinion of the Admiralty that the 'Formidable' was sunk by two torpedoes fired from a submarine."



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

Tom B.

A Slight Mistake. No, friend the reciter. You must not give the lines entitled "The Raid on Cuxhaven" exactly as they appeared on this page last week. If you do, the audience will first look puzzled, then grow dizzy, and finally make a determined rush for the open air.

I accuse none. As a "handy-man" of my acquaintance said, after being in the neighbourhood of two serious breakages in one morning, "I'm not going to blame anybody else, nor I'm not going to blame meself. But it's unfortunate for me that these things should 'appen to 'appen when I'm about." The most careful of authors sometimes numbers a page wrongly; the most careful of printers sometimes slips a stick of type into the wrong place. As Edwin Cleary observes when he raises his glass, "All unkindness buried."

Now to set you on the right road. Having reached the line, "To defend our little children," you will kindly omit the next twenty-two lines, and pass on to "Went on Christmas Day those heroes." Now you are in smooth water until you have said, "Look, the sea-planes! Look, the English!" You will then return to the twenty-two lines you omitted, beginning with "English come on Christmas morning." Those twenty-two lines safely given, you pass forward to "Flees until a brighter day comes," and so away, in your most impassioned style, to the end.

I trust this is clear. May all success attend you.

Straight from the Firing-Line.

I have had a most refreshing conversation with a young artillery officer who has returned home for one week's leave after being in the firing-line since the British Expeditionary Force fired their first shot in this war. You will imagine that he was worn, emaciated, nerve-racked, pallid, jaded, and trembling. Nothing of the sort. I found him ruddy, gay, and a stone heavier in weight. It was impossible that any young fellow could look fitter. As for his nerves, he knew no more about them than a schoolboy. Mind you, he had not been on English soil more than twenty-four hours when I had the privilege of a conversation with him.

Without being in the least indiscreet, he told me many things of interest. In the first place, both officers and men were being splendidly cared for.

"Tell me," I said, "about the trenches. One reads in certain papers of men standing up to their waists in water for three days on end. What, literally, does that mean?"

"Up to their ankles," replied the young officer, without the least hesitation. "No doubt there's a certain amount of water in the connecting trenches, but the main trenches are well drained, and many of them are actually bricked at the bottom. The Germans may be up to their knees in water—I believe some of their trenches are pretty leaky—but our men are certainly not over their ankles, if that."

Journals and Entertainments.

"That's a relief, anyway. How do the papers get hold of these stories?" The young officer laughed—he was always laughing. "We have great fun," he said, "with some of the papers." (He mentioned names, but they would not interest you, friend the reader.) "When these come in—and we get all the papers at the front, daily and weekly—one of us reads aloud, and the rest sit round and yell with laughter. Do you know ———, of the ———?"

By KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

"Only by name. He's one of their most prized correspondents." "We're all dying to meet him. He's a scream. We've got a lot of useful questions to put to him."

"Which writer, in your opinion, is turning out the best stuff about the whole thing?"

"Well, the man we like to read is Hilaire Belloc. His articles in *Land and Water* are simply topping. Of course, I'm talking now of the more technical stuff. The 'Illustrated' is doing splendidly in its own line. And what we should do without it I can't imagine."

"Did you see anything of Seymour Hicks's concert-party?"

"No. I wish somebody would come out with a party and bring it somewhere near the firing-line. It would be just the thing for the men when they're sent back to rest. As it is, we're forming a little troupe of our own, and I think a cinematograph is coming out. But we should like a jolly good little show in *our* part of the world."

"Get me the necessary permission," I assured him, "and I'll do it myself. But I doubt whether any such party would be allowed anywhere near the battle zone."

"I'll ask about it," replied the young officer, looking hopeful.

Refreshments.

"I suppose," I continued, "you've become quite a connoisseur in the finest French wines?"

"Hadn't much chance. The Germans took it all during the first retreat. When we came back, the roads and fields were simply strewn with bottles of all kinds. Mind you, I don't blame them. We should have been very glad of the stuff if they hadn't found it first. Those chances are all over."

"Then what do you drink? Beer?"

"Lord, no! The beer of the country is too awful for words. Our staple drink is Navy rum. We get it served out twice a week—topping stuff to warm you up. The men in the trenches, of course, get it oftener. The great thing is to keep them warm. That's why they're allowed to dress pretty well as they like."

Miscellaneous.

Further desultory conversation revealed the following items of interest—of interest, at any rate, to me—

Aeroplanes were a rotten nuisance, because you had to conceal your guns. The flying-men were fine, but he would not be sorry to see aeroplanes abolished on both sides.

Men got very sick of having to sit in a trench all day. They would climb out to pick a bunch of onions, regardless of the consequent hail of bullets.

There was a feeling at the Front that a little raid on England would do no harm.

He had seen the King.

The King, in his speech to the soldiers, said he hoped that, by the grace of God, the war would not be unduly prolonged—or words to that effect. A soldier, writing home to his people, reported the speech thus: "I saw the King. He said he wished to God the war was over."

The Army was full of admiration for the work of the seaplanes. The average German soldier was not at all a bad fellow. My young friend had quite a soft spot for the "old German."

Much ought to happen when the fresh troops arrived from England.

It was difficult to sleep soundly in trenches that were not more than forty yards from the trenches of the Germans.

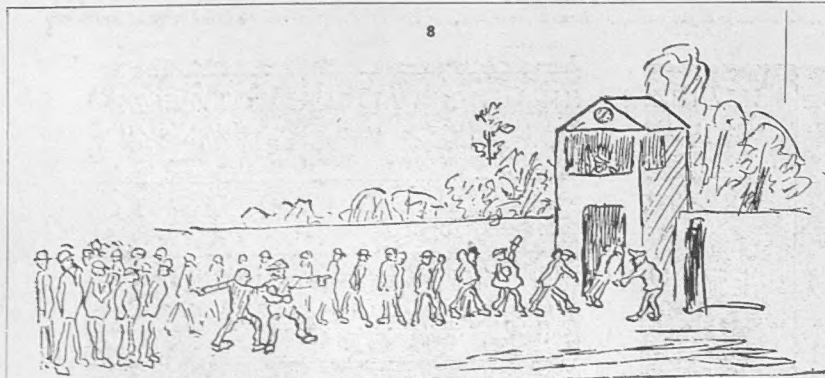
THE CALL TO ALMS.



SHE: But, my dear George, you can't possibly mean that you start for the Front on Tuesday! Why on earth didn't you explain to them that it's the opening day of the Bazaar?

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

PRODUCED BY INTERNED GERMANS: DOUGLAS "CAMP ECHO."



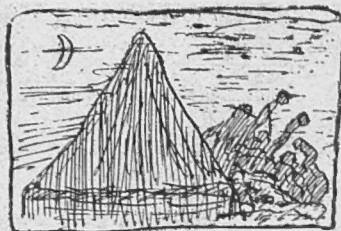
MORGENS gehts zum Porridgeboi,
Artig geh'n sie zwei und zwei,
Während dieser hier mit Last
Im Begriff zu schummeln ist.

Kaepfen spricht mit stolzom Blick:
"Schummeln gibt's nicht, schnell zuruck!"
Als er doch nicht weichen tut,
Gibt man ihn in England's Hut.

Kuehn steht er vor seinem Zelt,
Fuecht sich heimlich wie ein Held
Während man im Schein der Lichte
Rache schwört dem Boesowichte.

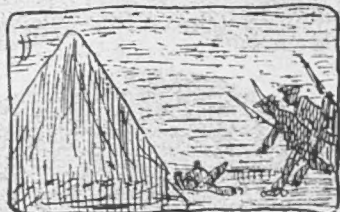


EDITED, ILLUSTRATED, AND WRITTEN BY GERMANS INTERNED
IN THE ISLE OF MAN: PAGE 8 OF THE "CAMP ECHO."



Dieses ist ein dunkler Haufen,
Wo man fuerchterlich am Raufen.
Seine schoenen blonden Locken
Waeren beinah "abgebrocken."

Doch schon nah'n mit Bayonetten
Tommys mit den Kerkerketten.
Aber wie vom Wind verweht,
Keiner auf dem Platze steht.



Keinen hat man auch gefunden,
Der den armen Mann geschunden.
Kaepfen werden ist nicht schwer,
Kaepfen sein dagegen sehr.

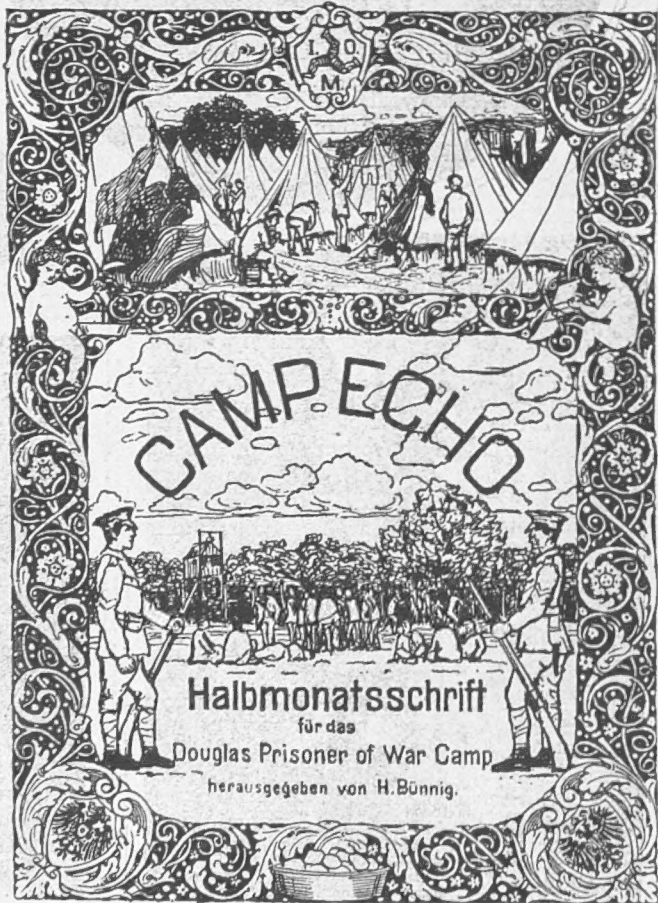
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| STELLEN GESUCH. Wenn sie billigen Sprachunterricht suchen, besuchen Sie im Camp Echo. | ZU VERKAUFEN Oel Anzug billig fast neu. 1226. ZELT 190. Halstuch gut erhalten 1931. ZELT 241. Cigaretten im ZELT W. 258. Winter Ueberzieher vollstaendig neu, nur 21. ZELT G. TISCH 238. Leinwand Handtuecher gas erhalten, nur 21. nur 21/6. No. 2141. ZELT 267. Lichter und Cigaretten. ZELT W. 141. Cigaretten von Cigaretten Verkauf. Frank Rowe, 438. Zelt 61. Cigaretten Verkauf Tisch 436. CAMP 11. | GESCHAFTS EROEFFNUNG. Deutsch-Antwerpen. Wir eroeffnen in allermaechtiger Zeit an der Klamotten Ecke das grosseartige Seemanns Boarding-haus. FEUCHTES TROECKEN DOCK. 2. Getraenke (Koen und Bier) Laetige Betten. Speisen wenig und teuer. Taeglich grosser Klimm. solange Geld reicht. Fritz und Richard. Shipping and Boarding Masters at present Prisoners of War. No. 303 und 257. N.B. - Den Herrn Kapitaenen besorgen wir die taechtigste und auf See naechsternste Schiffs Crew. | |
| GEFUNDEN UND VERLOREN. Buehlung wird zugewendet fuer Angaben ueber den Verbleib meines Rasier Apparates mit Marke: Schaefhausen, Hildesheim. ZELT H. | ZU KAUFEN GESUCHT Beaschloer oder Korb. Trunk Waernd. 651. TISCH 94. 2 schwarze Heladen. Ergaenzweise 40. No. 2546. ZELT 318. HANDKOFFER gut erhalten 2577 TISCH 433. CAMP 11. | VERSCHIEDENES. Bepflichter Gottesdienst Sonntags 2.30 p.m. Haarschneide Salon. Zelt W. 257. Nur 1d. R Jurk. Friseur, Zelt 11. Stuefel Geflimmert. Gartner 428. Camp 11. | |

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THE ADVERTISEMENT PAGE OF THE "CAMP ECHO."

No. 1. DECEMBER 1914.



PRICE 2d.

Printed (by authority) by S. K. Broadbent & Co Ltd., Douglas.

THE COVER OF THE "CAMP ECHO."

We reproduce above, by courtesy of the authorities, the cover and three of the pages of the "Camp Echo," a fortnightly topical magazine produced by Germans interned in the Concentration Camp at Douglas, Isle of Man. The paper, which is in German and illustrated more or less profusely, is entirely the work of the prisoners in question; but it is printed by a local printer in the island, under official sanction. In this particular Number, at all events, the majority of the contributions are in verse, and each is signed

with the writer's name, or pen-name, plus his official number on the concentration camp's books. The illustrations are either imaginary landscapes most artistic in execution, or more or less humorous thumb-nail sketches in pen and ink. The first article is an essay comparing "Kultur" among English, French, and Germans (at least, in theory). The fact that such a publication is permitted is but one of the many proofs that German Press statements that German prisoners in this country suffer hardships are untrue.

INTERNED — IN FANCY DRESS! PRISONERS OF WAR.



BRITISH NAVAL MEN INTERNED IN HOLLAND! PRISONERS OF WAR FROM THIS COUNTRY AT A CHRISTMAS BALL AT THE PLACE OF THEIR CONFINEMENT.

Those British Naval men who are interned in Holland have to thank the Dutch for many courtesies, and, though the fortune of war keeps them from home and, what is more, trouble, to them, from scenes of fighting, they are having quite a good time,

playing football and so on. Here, a number of them are seen in fancy-dress costumes which say much for the handy man's ingenuity, for all were made by the weavers. It will be noted, too, that some of the men make strapping girls!

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before the regiments whose glory they are existed as the Empress
Queen's, we met each ancient warrior race of them—foes in the field!
Before that, they had a history reverberant with the religion of
valour in the long majestic civilisation of the East, before—oh, so
long before—the Prussian Junker was thought or dreamed of!
Then we met, foes; we fought and learned each other, the best and
the worst of each other, as only foes could, with the result that
any wet night, when Halls and picture-palaces fail to lure, Mr.
Reginald Hodder's little book may tell the magical story of how we
were soon fighting side by side, devotedly, loyally, as only friends
can. "I say from my experience as a soldier," said Lord Roberts,
addressing Gurkhas and Highlanders, "that no men with whom I
have served can have better deserved these rewards" (medals for
distinguished conduct); "and it is an additional pleasure to me
to have seen the other day of what material my Highlanders and
Gurkhas are made." The "other day" was Kandahar.

The Princely Sikh. Before coming to the battles, Mr. Hodder
sketches the Indian Army—how it is made up,
its organisation, and the various races of which it is composed. And
first comes the Sikh, his every movement so graceful that the
involuntary impression is: "Here comes one who is a prince in his
own country." Exclusive to the point of throwing away his food
if a white man's shadow do but fall upon it, the product of a military
and religious caste dating from the fifteenth century, he is the flower
of the Indian soldiery. He is very conscious of it, but his racial
pride carries that innate breeding "which can tread the razor-edge
between independence and insolence." In the roaring 'forties he
fought us relentlessly, and so well that of all the hardly earned
English triumphs of those encounters this is the most glorious—
that he has been won to espouse our causes as far back as the
Mutiny "with a devotion and loyalty which are almost without
parallel in history."

The Kingly Rajput. Sprung from Kings ancient and more remote
than any other history can record, the Rajput
has laid aside the epics of his past to combine
with those of England from Delhi onwards. Treitschke, and even
Nietzsche, would take an air of crudity beside the seers and
philosophers of this high military caste, who were wise before
Teutons were at all. Even their women have a proud tradition,
"and woe betide the husband or brother who has not all his wounds
in front"!

"The Little Benjamin." "Brave as lions, vain as peacocks, faithful as
dogs"—so Colonel Newnham Davis draws the
Gurkha. "He tackles any job that is given
him like a bull-dog, and he is never beaten. In manoeuvres, as in
action, one thing a Gurkha regiment will not do is to go back. And
in the spring, down the slopes of the Himalayas they come to enlist,
the jovial little Gurkhas, broad-chested and big-limbed, short in
stature, with Tartar eyes and pug-dog noses," and great, good-
natured gashes for mouths. No ritual but the simple schoolboy one
of washing face and hands and removing head-dress before meals;
terrible in battle, with ways which are the ways of no other living
soldier. Very well aware of his worth too, and naïvely capable of
returning a compliment for courage with the historic remark: "The
English brave as lions; splendid Sepoys, and very nearly equal to
us!" Also with a knife! Mr. Hodder discourses fascinatingly
upon the knife, the *kukri* whose shape and deathly purpose is the
Gurkha's pride.

"The Lion of God." Such is the romantic and classical sobriquet of
Hanozah, progenitor of the Baluchi race. And
the Baluchi of our regiments is not so far
behind: a born knifer, with "Blood for blood" as his motto. He
rides his horse, too, "as though his horse were a part of him," and
his country produces some of the finest horses in the world.
Dogras—hillmen and Mahrattas—are there too, with their traditions
lost in the dim beginnings of history, all of them once against us
"thick as standing corn and gorgeous as a field of flowers." In
two continents they have stormed and charged and advanced with
us. They are with us now in a third—Europe; they are holding
trenches, they are taking trenches, in France and Flanders from the
Germans who at the beginning of the century they once fought
with. Nor do they now forget that episode, nor the attitude then
of the cultured German soldier to the Indian soldier. Who would
have deduced from it that the Teuton was the parvenu and the
Indian the aristocrat by long centuries of culture?

* "Famous Fights of Indian Native Regiments." By Reginald Hodder. (Daily Telegraph
War-Book; Hodder and Stoughton; 1s.)



REGIMENTS OF SPECIAL RENOWN : CHASSEURS ALPINS : ZOUAVES : FUSILIERS MARINS.

The Chasseurs Alpins.

The French Chasseurs Alpins have covered themselves with glory in the desperate fighting that has taken place in Upper Alsace. It fell to their lot to storm some of the positions that the Germans believed to be impregnable, and the French papers describe their dash as being almost superhuman. The Chasseurs Alpins are well known to many Englishmen, for they garrison the forts of the Alpes Maritimes, and when Queen Victoria used to spend her winters at Mentone one of the regiments of Chasseurs Alpins always found a guard over her house. A regiment of the Chasseurs has barracks near Villefranche; and at Grasse, in the mountains behind Cannes, is the headquarters of a brigade of the mountaineers.

Favourite French Regiments.

It is difficult to call any particular regiment a "favourite" one in France, for there are so many regiments of which the nation is justifiably proud. During the present war the Zouaves and the Fusiliers Maritimes have, perhaps, been mentioned by name more often than any other troops in the official *communiqués*, and the Zouaves, perhaps, are looked upon by the French as being their typical soldiers. They are raised for service in Algeria, and there is always one regiment of Zouaves quartered at Algiers. It is a fine sight to see that regiment of Zouaves in peace time route-marching on the roads outside the city of Algiers. The men are splendid specimens of soldiers, and in their red fezzes and baggy breeches, and carrying an enormous weight—in knapsack, boots, and canteen—on their backs, they go swinging along, splendid blonde giants, their faces tanned to a deep bronze by the African sun. They have been fighting like tigers in France, and their bayonet charges and those of the Chasseurs Alpins will form some of the blood-stirring episodes when, in that dim future after the war, we read in detail of the great deeds that have been done in it.

"The Maritime Fusiliers."

On the French Marines fell most of the hard fighting on the Yser when the Belgian Army had been for a time withdrawn to refit, and the French supplied their place between our thin khaki line and the sea. They held for many days the village of Dixmude against all the German attacks, and during this period they were fighting waist-deep in water in the trenches. Our own troops further down the line were going through somewhat similar experiences, but no troops in the world have ever fought continuously under such paralyzing conditions as the French Marine Fusiliers did during the defence of Dixmude, and France will give them all honour for it. I only hope that when Dixmude is re-taken, as it will be some time or another during the advance on Ostend, the honour of its recapture may fall to the Fusiliers.

Our Enemies' Crack Troops.

Of the deeds in action of the crack troops of our enemies we have heard very little, and what we have heard has generally been connected with a reverse. At least half of the Guard Corps were brought up to break the British line before Ypres, and how badly they fared in that attempt is history. The "Death's Head Hussars," of which regiment the German Crown Prince has been Colonel, were very badly mauled during the early fighting in Belgium; and a regiment of the Jäger Corps were destroyed by our machine-gun fire in a village during the retreat from Mons. The German Guards suffered heavily during the German retreat from the Marne, and one of their brigades was cut to pieces recently in Poland. The Ziethen Hussars, the Kaiser's favourite cavalry regiment, in which some of our royal Princes have held honorary commissions, has not, so far as I know, been in action, but of late neither the cavalry of the Allies nor the cavalry of the enemy in Flanders have had a chance of distinguishing themselves anywhere except in the trenches.

The Austrian Débâcle.

Fortunately, the Austrian and Hungarian troops who might have been expected to distinguish themselves have not done so. There is a very splendid division, or it may be an army corps, of mountaineer troops in the Austrian Tyrol who were considered the equals of the French Chasseurs Alpins and of the Italian Bersaglieri regiments. Had they and the Chasseurs Alpins met in mountainous country they would have been well-matched adversaries. At the commencement of the war the Austrian Tyrol regiments were said to be marching down the Swiss frontier towards Nancy and Belfort; but the first overthrow of the Austrians in the east disarranged all the plans of the War Office at Vienna, and the Austrian mountaineers were marched back into Poland or Silesia. There, I believe, they were overwhelmed in one of those routs which in this war have become part of the everyday history of the Austrian forces. The Germans, who never spare the troops of their allies, borrowed the finest regiments of Hungarian cavalry to cover

their retreat into East Prussia after their first rush against Warsaw, and this Hungarian cavalry did its work well, but lost very heavily in holding back the Cossack flood and giving the Germans time to withdraw in good order and to save their guns and ammunition trains.

Our Own Crack Troops.

So many of our own crack regiments have added fresh glories to their battle-roll that I will not be betrayed into giving a long list of names; but while officers home on leave all have tales to tell of heroic endurance and desperate courage on the part of regiments in their brigade and their division, every man, going outside these limits, says that no troops in the world have ever fought before with such devotion as our Guards have shown during the present campaign,



THE FIRST ACTOR TO BE AWARDED THE D.S.O.: LIEUTENANT RICHARD LAMBART, Lieutenant Richard Lambart, who is the first actor to be awarded the Distinguished Service Order, has been leading-man with Sir Charles Wyndham and Sir John Hare in London, and with Mr. Charles Frohman in New York. He comes of a fighting stock, for he is a son of the late Major Frederick Lambart, Royal Scots Fusiliers, and great-grandson of the ninth Earl of Cavan. His family is well represented in the Great War: his cousin, Brigadier-General Lord Cavan, is at the front; and his uncle, Brigadier-General Lambart, is training Kitchener's new Army at Bordon.

A ONE-MAN PANTO.: MR. BRANSBY WILLIAMS AS A "SHOW."



MR. BRANSBY WILLIAMS AS MR. GEORGE GRAVES AS THE BARON.



MR. BRANSBY WILLIAMS AS MR. GEORGE FORMBY AS DICK WHITTINGTON



MR. BRANSBY WILLIAMS AS THE SHOWMAN.



MR. BRANSBY WILLIAMS AS MR. G. P. HUNTLEY AS THE FAIRY QUEEN.



MR. BRANSBY WILLIAMS AS MR. FRED EMNEY AS CINDERELLA.

That chameleon of character-actors, Mr. Bransby Williams, beats his own record at the Palace Theatre, in "The Passing Show of Pantomimes" (a part of "The Passing Show"), where he succeeds in a veritable *tour-de-force*—a "One-Man Pantomime"—in which he impersonates four popular comedians. The make-ups and the mannerisms are delightfully funny. As Mr. George Graves, Baron Hardup, he is "Sweet Graves

of Old Drury" to the life. As Mr. George Formby, Dick Whittington, he is a "Lad from Rugged Lancashire"; as Mr. G. P. Huntley, The Fairy Queen, his monocle is a delightful touch; and as Mr. Fred Emney, as Cinderella ("Without a Sister to Assist 'er"), the quaint idea of the make-up and the bundle of kindlers are just bits of nature.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

CHALIAPIN'S HOSPITAL; AND BY PLANK TO THE ALTAR.



A GREAT BASSO'S CARE FOR HIS WOUNDED COUNTRYMEN: CONVALESCENTS AND A NURSE AT M. CHALIAPIN'S HOSPITAL.

The great Russian singer, M. Chaliapin, who took London by storm in such characters as Boris Godounov, Ivan the Terrible, and Prince Igor, has devoted part of his fortune to establishing a hospital in Moscow for his fellow-countrymen wounded in the war. M. Chaliapin is, few, if any, will deny, the greatest living basso.

Photograph by Shubskaya-Korsakoff.



WALKING THE PLANK TO MATRIMONY: MISS PITMAN ARRIVING AT THE CHURCH, FOR HER WEDDING, IN FLOODED BRAY.

Venice in Berkshire may sound romantic, but when the floods compel bride, bridegroom, and guests to progress over water-covered land, the picturesqueness is discounted by the inconvenience. On Jan. 7, Miss Pitman, daughter of Mr. F. Pitman, the well-known Cambridge "Blue," whose home is in the flooded district, was married to Captain Forbes Adams, of the Indian Army, and a considerable number of the guests had to travel to the house and to the church by punt.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

WADE DOWN UPON THE SWANY RIVER! FLOOD FASHIONS.



TABLE MANNERS AT MAIDENHEAD IN FLOOD TIME: THE ABOVE-THE-MAHOGANY MODE.



THE KITCHEN AS AN "INUNDATED AREA": A HOUSEWIFELY FASHION AT MAIDENHEAD.



WHAT "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH" WOULD WEAR IF SHE LIVED AT CAVERSHAM: WADERS AND WASHING.

The floods in the Thames Valley have produced many curious results in the manners and customs of the inhabitants, not the least interesting being the influence they have exercised on feminine attire. When the kitchen and the kitchen-garden are a foot or two under water, the housewife naturally finds a skirt a somewhat inappropriate garment. Many of the women in riverside towns, such as Reading and its consort,



A COSTUME THAT SHOULD TAKE THE READING BISCUIT: A FAIR MESSENGER OF CAVERSHAM DELIVERING A LETTER.

Caversham, Maidenhead, and other places, have discarded the skirt and adopted more masculine modes for the clothing of their nether-limbs, in the shape of knickers and wading-boots. Who can say that the change is not a becoming one, or that woman as a confessed biped, loses aught of her charm? At Caversham the water is 3½ feet above its summer level.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau, Photopress, and C.N.]

BEHIND-TRENCHES SPORT: ELEVEN COUPLES FOR THE FRONT.



*For Hare-Hunting by Cavalry Officers on Active Service:
Mr. Ernest Robinson's Beagles, which have Gone to the Front.*

When duty permits, the British officer at the front finds a little time to indulge in sport. Temptation came to certain cavalry officers in the form of hares on Belgian soil. As a result, Lieutenant Charles Romer Williams, of the 4th Dragoon Guards, who was home on leave recently for a few days, has taken back with him to the front a pack

of beagles, eleven couples lent by Mr. Ernest Robinson, of Liscombe, Leighton Buzzard. Lieutenant Romer Williams is a former Master of the Eton Beagles. The photograph shows some of the borrowed pack. Mr. Robinson coupled his loan of the beagles with the hope that they will afford good sport on the Continent.



SIR CHARLES JOHNSTON.

LORD CREWE explained last week that the difficulty of the Government at the point where it comes into contact with the problem of the people and invasion is to strike the balance between possible panic and possible indifference. Shall your Lords-Lieutenant soothe the counties, or ruffle them? And are the Lords-Lieutenant the men to do it? Traditionally, they are; practically speaking, it often happens they are not. In the midst of sundry doubts of this sort, some main points of the situation remain perfectly clear. In the large towns, at any rate, the duty of elderly and responsible citizens is to endeavour to attend to the continuance of the business which keeps the country going. To city men who are not required for active service falls the duty of oiling the wheels of national life; and in the City of London we are fortunate in a Lord Mayor who is helping them to do so.

New Men in Blue. Under his presidency, the National Guard (City of London Corps) is putting heart into the man of affairs. No longer shall the merchant be fretted with the sense of exclusion from the military corporation—of being kept out of a uniform. Every City man over forty, from chief to clerk, can join the National Guard; and if the youth-limit must be strictly observed, for fear that countenance and a dark-blue tunic be given to men eligible for more active service, the age-limit is admirably elastic. Sir Charles helped to frame the rule which declares that no medical test is necessary: "actual fitness and good spirits" are the main qualifications.

A Max with Many Differences. To hold themselves in readiness for invasion is not the only service required of the Lord Mayor's volunteers. To fight when necessary, yes; but in the meantime many useful purposes are served by the gathering together of a large and influential company of persons accustomed to the control of civic life. It is a moment when to take thought is as valuable as to take arms; and to be able to take thought, in the military sense, it is almost necessary that the imagination should be stimulated by some sort of military organisation. Sir Charles has hit upon the acceptable plan. He and his Aldermen, with all their supporters and dependents, are now switched on to the main arteries of national defence. Leadenhall Street will henceforth be manned, in a double sense. Wood Street, Silver Street, Aldersgate Street, and Falcon Square—to name the places with which Sir Charles's career has been especially associated—are full of defenders. In the City is assailed to-day, ten thousand men—the record, it is said, of the first fortnight's rally—are there to help

in the readjustment of order. If but one fire-balloon threatens our security, we can look not only to the old-established safeguards, but to a body peculiarly fitted to devise new ways and means of meeting new dangers. Sir Charles's regiment has chosen its own

ground; it is stationed in its own offices; it knows every foot of the territory for which it is responsible; and though its President is as unlike M. Max as one man can be unlike another, London has a Mayor of quality. Brussels gave the Belgian a glorious opportunity; but even if Sir Charles's opening proves to be severely restricted by the continued aloofness of the enemy, it is known by those who have worked beside him during the last few weeks that he has already rendered extraordinary service to the community.

The Shipper. Born in Manchester sixty-seven years ago, he was educated partly at Bowden College, partly privately. While still in his teens he took his place at the family desk in the house of Wingate and Johnston—a house es-

established in the year of Waterloo. If he was early at the desk he has since enlarged his horizon by constant travel. After years of correspondence with the four corners of the earth he has followed in his own tracks. A shipper, he was eager, unlike some of his kind, to go down to the sea in ships. If, in recent years, he has become confirmed in the ways of an Alderman, and taken his recreation on the golf links instead of further abroad, it is because he has been pressed into the service by friends and circumstance rather than by any hankering of his own for the atmosphere of the Guildhall. But once inside, he has been clear about his mission.

Sentences and a Sentence.

Without any of the arts of the ready speaker, he has contrived to say a number of things that serve as maxims in his Ward. The City is famous for "er-ers" rather than eloquence, but while Sir Charles's utterances are punctuated in the usual fashion, it is observed that they never come to a full stop without having also come to the point. When he sentenced the Guildhall Suffragettes to two months' hard labour—the first sentence of its kind—there were probably many women in the Court who could justify themselves more fluently than the Chief Magistrate: but authority was his; and authority he has always been quick to use.

A Golden Rule.

His interest in a Women's Corps—promoted as far as possible on the same lines as the National Guard—shows that he has not shut himself up among prejudices in consequence of those days of friction. To maintain the good humour which forms part of his service regulations, he finds it necessary to be good-humoured! That is one of the secrets of public prosperity at a time of crisis, and of his own popularity.



PRESIDENT OF THE "NATIONAL GUARD": SIR CHARLES JOHNSTON, THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.



LADY JOHNSTON: THE LADY MAYORESS.

The City of London's home defence corps, officially styled "The National Guard," is being raised under the Presidency of the Lord Mayor. Sir Charles Johnston has been connected with the City municipality for fourteen years. He had to do officially with the return to London of the C.I.V. after the South African War, and was knighted as Sheriff in King George's Coronation year. As the head of a City firm of oversea carriers and forwarding agents, he has been in touch with all parts of the Empire. His characteristics are thoroughness and high sense of responsibility. The Lady Mayoress was married to him in 1887. (Photographs by Miles and Kaye.)

CHANGE IN IRELAND: WIFE AND SON OF THE NEW VICEROY.



THE NEW LEADER OF IRISH SOCIETY; AND HER SON: LADY WIMBORNE AND THE HON. IVOR GUEST.

Very popular and of wide social influence and experience, the wife of Lord Wimborne, the new Viceroy of Ireland, will make an ideal leader of Irish Society. Lady Wimborne is a daughter of the second Baron Ebury, and, as the Hon. Alice Katherine Sibell Grosvenor, was married to Lord Wimborne in 1902, her son, the Hon. Ivor Grosvenor Guest, being born the following year. Lady Wimborne has also two little daughters - the Hon. Rosemary Sibell, born in 1906; and the Hon. Cynthia Edith, born in 1908.

Lady Wimborne has always been a prominent hostess both at Lord Wimborne's beautiful country seat, Ashby St. Ledgers, near Rugby, and at Wimborne House, Arlington Street, where they are close neighbours of Lord and Lady Salisbury. Lord Wimborne, it will be remembered, is a grandson of Lady Charlotte Guest, well known for her services in the cause of Celtic literature, who edited and published that famous collection of legends and romances known as the "Mabinogion."

Photograph by Shearhead.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S



MISS KATHLEEN MOLYNEUX, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO SEC.-LIEUT. C. HOPE LUMLEY WAS FIXED FOR JAN. 9.

Miss Kathleen Molyneux (Mrs. Charles Hope Lumley) is the daughter of Mr. Justin Molyneux, of "Tramore," Co. Waterford, Ireland. Mr. Charles Hope Lumley is in the 7th South Lancashire Regiment.—[Photograph by Abdey.]

attention to business, and not seldom the odour of incense from the chapel mingles with that of chloroform from the scene of operations.

Trench or Bed? The King and Queen were reminded of a notable patient who found peace in one of the wards of the hospital in Grove End Road. When Francis Thompson fell mortally ill in 1907 he went cheerfully to St. John and St. Elizabeth's, and it was there he died ten days after admission. "I daresay it needs a soldier, and a soldier in action, to understand and be comforted by certain passages in Thompson's poetry," wrote an officer from the front the other day; but the soldier in bed, with a window at his elbow and an intact copy of "The Hound of Heaven" in his hand, has certain advantages over the reader with a drenched book in the trenches.



TO MARRY THE HEIR TO A BARONETCY: MISS MARGUERITE HENRIETTE BATTLE.

Miss Marguerite H. Battle is the elder daughter of Mr. W. H. Battle, F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Battle, 49, Harley Street, W., and is engaged to Second-Lieut. Geoffrey Cory-Wright, of the Buffs, eldest son of Sir A. and Lady Cory-Wright, of Berkhamstead Hill, Herts.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

THE King and Queen spent some time last week among the wounded at the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth. Though it is somewhat off the royal beat (and on that account was all the more delighted by their Majesties' visit), this institution is an admirable example of what such places should be—a haunt of ancient peace brought right down to date. The gentle nuns, the clinking of whose rosaries up and down the corridors reminds one of the noise of the ice-water carried hither and thither in an American hotel, are helped by lay nurses; everywhere an atmosphere of devotion goes with a most rigorous

are admitted; and Mr. Albert Rothenstein is already known as the Napoleon of Piccadilly.

Soldiers Three. The combination of Dyson's cartoons and Strang's paintings in one exhibition seems to satisfy every sort of visitor at the Leicester Galleries. You jeer with Will Dyson in one room, and grow sorry with William Strang in the other. As with Maurice Hewlett, the war-poet, so with the war-painter: both have sons in the fight. Only the other day it was the habit of the Strang family to foregather for an evening meal at a French restaurant in Soho, itself the



A LITERARY M.P. AND HIS WIFE, WHO ARE DOING RED CROSS WORK IN FRANCE: SIR HENRY NORMAN AND THE HON. LADY NORMAN.

Sir Henry Norman, the well-known Liberal Member for Blackburn, author, and traveller in the Far East, in Russia, and in Central Asia, is, in conjunction with his wife, managing a Red Cross hospital in France, which they have organised and equipped. Lady Norman was, before her marriage, the Hon. Florence Priscilla, daughter of the first Baron Aberconway, and married Sir Henry Norman, as his second wife, in 1907.—[Photographs J. Weston.]

The King and His Painters. The President and Mr. Strang were both among the Academicians who received the King and Queen and Queen Alexandra at Burlington House last week, and a very upright group it was that escorted their Majesties round the galleries. One almost suspected that the famous drill-sergeant—for the time being the most respected personage within Academy precincts—was keeping an eye on the proceedings. But their Majesties were out to see pictures rather than artists standing at attention, and no inspection took place in the Quad. It continues, however, to be the scene of gallant manoeuvring, for outsiders as well as R.A.s. Members of the New English Art Club, a rival institution,

and one other painting. Queen Alexandra added to her already extensive collection of statuettes by the purchase of a bronze by Captain Adrian Jones. Though the proceeds go to War funds, the lesson is for those who feel inclined to let all art enthusiasms go to the dogs during the crisis.

A Ghostly Misunderstanding. The care of enemy wounded and the Christmas truce—these are two of the things that mystify our Indian soldiers. Even in times of peace the Western creed may prove puzzling to the Eastern mind; but when Christian countries, busy with slaughter, find time to listen to the benevolent suggestions of the Pope, the position becomes more and more obscure. Lord Kitchener, by the way, has an amusing story of a missionary's difficulties in dovetailing the mysteries of his faith with the comprehension of the Baboo. He had explained the doctrine of the Trinity: "I can understand the Father," answered his pupil, "and I can understand the Son, but I cannot understand the Honourable Bird."



TO MARRY MR. GEORGE CROSBIE DAWSON ON JAN. 14: MISS BEATRICE COLVILLE FRANKLAND.

Miss Beatrice Colville Frankland, whose marriage to Mr. George Crosbie Dawson is announced to take place to-morrow, is the daughter of the late Colonel Colville Frankland (late Royal Dublin Fusiliers), of Hove, Sussex. Mr. George Crosbie Dawson is the only son of the late Mr. George James Crosbie Dawson, of May Place, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffordshire.—[Photograph by Ellen Macnaghten.]

scene of one of "W. S.'s" Academy pictures; now three sons have taken up arms, and Mr. Strang's only inspiration is the war.

Their Majesties' Example. The King and Queen were in a buying mood—or rather, their visit to the Academy marked a determination on their part to set a wholesome example to panic-stricken collectors. The King bought "Belle Brocade," an oil by Mr. Skipworth, and the Queen a bronze by Sir W. Goscombe John, a Leader oil, an Alfred Parsons water-colour,

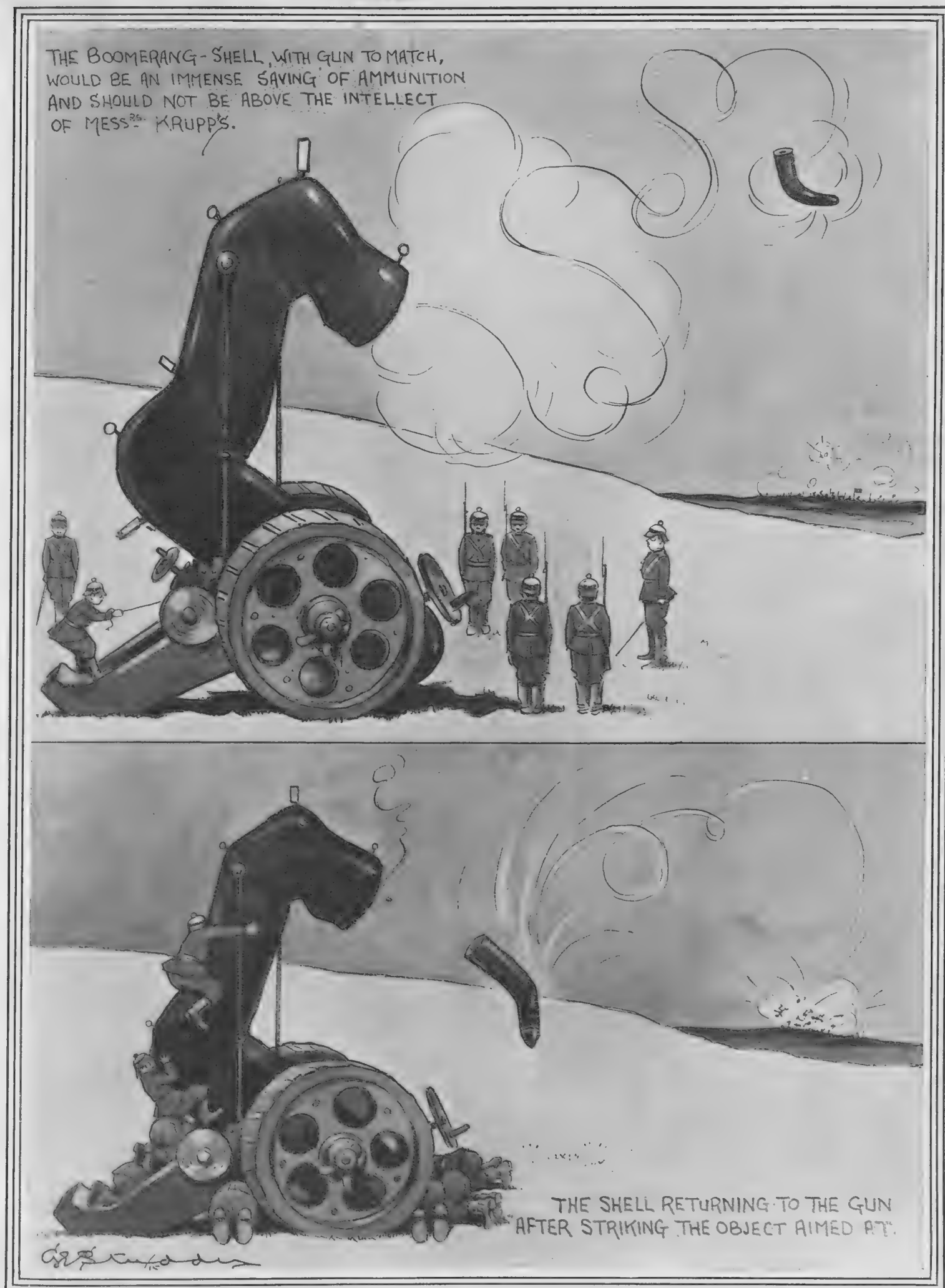


ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN G. B. OLLIVANT, 12TH (ROYAL) LANCERS: MISS E. M. THACKERAY.

Miss Thackeray is the only child of the late Mr. W. G. Thackeray, and Mrs. Thackeray, of Wetherby Mansions, S.W. Her engagement to Captain G. B. Ollivant of the 12th (Royal) Lancers, has just been announced.

Photograph by Langfieri.

BETTER THAN COLLECTING COPPER KETTLES!



THE BOOMERANG SHELL FOR ECONOMISING AMMUNITION: A SUGGESTION TO THE GERMANS.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



SIR ALMROTH WRIGHT is an out-and-out enthusiast for the work of war. Sir Henry Norman heard of him in France. "I am told that Sir Almroth has a bacteriological laboratory here—where is he?" he asked the Colonel in command at a base that is dotted with hospitals. He pointed to the floor and replied, "He's at work in one of my cellars." Perhaps, besides doing splendid work, Sir Almroth is doing penance for his old contention that the cell was the place for all Suffragettes, many of whom are now working directly over his head.



MISS NORA WINIFRED BEVINGTON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO SEC.-LIEUT. GEORGE HERBERT GIBSON WAS FIXED FOR JAN. 9. Miss Bevington is the second daughter of the late Timothy Bevington, 7, Lennox Mansions, Southsea.

Photograph by Swaine.

Curzon to write an article that would bring Gladstone to his senses. The results were a stinging leader and a letter explaining away his utterances in the Grand Old Man's best style. Lord Curzon's authorship, by the way, is curtailed in a curious way. Some time ago he wrote a book on India. It was in proof when the author was appointed Viceroy. "This will never do," said the cautious powers; "a book on India by the Viceroy!"—and in proof the book remained.

"I Spy." Lord Crawford, who pushed home the point of Lord Plymouth's anti-alien address, is an experienced speaker. Known in the Commons as Lord Balcarres, he has a considerable reputation for astuteness and general good sense, and, even on a theme that is looked upon by a portion of the Lords with almost as much suspicion as a German baker in the East End, he managed to make an impression. Perhaps he brings to the inquiry in regard to spies some of the late Peer's powers of credulity.



ENGAGED TO SEC.-LIEUT. ROBERT RODGER GLEN: MISS DOREEN LEIGH KING.

Miss Doreen Leigh King, whose engagement to Mr. Robert R. Glen is announced, is the only child of Mr. George Leigh King and Mrs. Leigh King, of 28, Brechin Place, S.W., and granddaughter of the late Sir Edwyn Sandys Dawes, K.C.M.G., of Mount Ephraim, Faversham, Kent.

Photograph by Lafayette.

By "C. of K." The "C. of K." who has been trying his hand at translations in the *Times* is not altogether a babe at rhyming. Oxford knew Lord Curzon as an amateur versifier, and the album in a country house that is also a summer retreat for poets boasts a quite creditable poem from the hand of the ex-Viceroy.

Curses from Curzon.

Lord Curzon has also been an Eton leader-writer. Once upon a time, when the school thought that Gladstone had run it down in a speech, the editorial staff deputed Lord Curzon to write an article that would bring Gladstone to his senses. The results were a stinging leader and a letter explaining away his utterances in the Grand Old Man's best style. Lord Curzon's authorship, by the way, is curtailed in a curious way. Some time ago he wrote a book on India. It was in proof when the author was appointed Viceroy. "This will never do," said the cautious powers; "a book on India by the Viceroy!"—and in proof the book remained.

The Battle Clubs. Though Piccadilly and Pall Mall are empty of clubmen, the general feeling of secretaries is that the clubs will come through the war without disaster. The vast number of newly commissioned officers who might have been expected to provide a large new membership to institutions like the United Service are for the present hardly refilling the places of members killed in action. A newly commissioned officer's social activities begin and end with the purchase of his uniform,

and a visit to his nearest relatives as soon as he gets it. He has no time to choose a club, much less to use one. Thus it happens that the effect of the war on Pall Mall is hardly more than one of general depression. Khaki, always cheering, is in evidence; but so is the obituary list. Thus while the "Mentals" at one corner can say that they go on much as usual; the "Regimentals" at the other have nothing untoward to report.

Music and Its Haunts.

It is good to hear that Sir George Henschel is not thrown entirely out of tune by the lapse of all his old associations with Germany. His work has been largely in England, but his musical gods belong for the most part elsewhere, and now they are rocking on their pedestals. For one who remembers his Leipsic with affection because in that city he spent hours and days with Brahms, the shutting-down of sympathies is a grievous trial. It is nearly twenty years since Brahms, Grieg, Nikisch, and Sir George ate their last dinner together at a favourite restaurant in Leipsic—a meal at which Brahms, Sir George remembers, consumed an astonishing quantity of Munich beer before they parted, long after midnight; and it will be many years before another party one tenth part so attractive to Henschel will be gathered together in a German restaurant. Since the beginning of the war Sir George has been in Scotland, but the other day, in answer to urgent calls, he renewed work in London for a brief period.

The "Opedig of Westbidster."

The universal cold in the head was very much in evidence at the opening of the Lords. The Leader of the House spoke through a handkerchief, and was without "m's" or "n's." Lord Plymouth, probably, was the only speaker entirely unconcerned with a nose. But Lord Plymouth is in the habit of being a little different; the red beard grows longer and longer, and nowadays is supported by a tawny-coloured coat that certainly has no brother in the cloak-rooms of Westminster.—Save for great expectations of an epoch-

making speech from Lord Kitchener, the attendance for the re-assembling of the Lords would have been extremely small. Many people thought the moment had come for a statement, and took their seats in all good faith. But Peers who have "K. of K.'s" character more or less by heart were not bluffed into the belief that he would, for once in his life, expand: you can see the names of the knowing ones in the lists of departures for the country the day before he was due to read out his type-written revelations. The absentees, by the way, include several of the Secretary of War's more intimate friends. If "K. of K." did really know himself how little he was going to say, they probably were in the plot.



SEC.-LIEUT. GEORGE HERBERT GIBSON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS NORA WINIFRED BEVINGTON WAS FIXED FOR JAN. 9.

Mr. Gibson is the third son of the late Edward Gibson, late of Crix, Witham, Essex, and Parkstone, Dorset, and is in the 7th Service Batt. King's Royal Rifles.—[Photograph by Swaine]



ENGAGED TO MISS DOREEN LEIGH KING: SEC.-LIEUT. ROBERT RODGER GLEN.

Mr. Robert Rodger Glen, whose engagement to Miss Doreen Leigh King is announced, is in the Queen's Own Glasgow Yeomanry, and is the only son of the late Robert Glen and Mrs. Glen, of Carlston, Kelvinside, Glasgow.

Photograph by Lafayette.



TO FIGHT FOR THE EMPIRE: MR. DANIEL DESMOND SHEEHAN, M.P.

Mr. Sheehan, the well-known Independent Nationalist Member for Mid-Cork, has just received his commission as Lieutenant in the 9th Batt. Royal Munster Fusiliers. He is a barrister, a journalist, and an advocate of the policy of conciliation as applied to Irish politics. He was born in 1874.

Photograph by Lafayette.

GRAND SLAM!



AN OFFICER OF "OURS" ("Jack Johnsoned" while enjoying a quiet game of Auction Bridge in the trenches): I'll double three no trumps!

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE MAN WHO WAS — NERVOUS.

By C. D. COPPINGER.

MOLLIE SYMINGTON met him first at Lady Barchester's. That lady had a talent for picking up queer people. Lady Barchester saw Mollie as she entered the hot, crowded drawing-room, and bustled over to her.

"Oh, my dear," she said, grasping Mollie's hands fervently and discharging her usual maxim-gun volley of conversation. "So glad to see you here, on such a hot afternoon, too, and the sun shining outside, when you might have been playing golf or tennis, or motoring, or something instead of coming here—so many uninteresting people, you know, my dear, fearful old scarecrows, I call them; but, I forgot, there's one man, such a dear, oh, I must introduce you, Mollie, come along, my dear, this way," and Mollie was swept along to the other end of the room, where Lady Barchester halted before a young man sitting dejectedly all by himself in the only deserted corner. He was a very handsome young man, with wavy hair and big, mournful brown eyes, and he was clasping and unclasping his long fingers, nervously.

"There you are," said Lady Barchester, firing another volley. "You must know each other, my dears, the only two interesting people in the room, I say, and, bless me, of course, you don't know each other's names yet—Miss Symington—Mr. Jones—now the ice is broken—talk, my dears, why don't you talk?"

"Lady Barchester," said Mr. Jones, turning his sad eyes upon her, "will you do me a favour?"

"Of course I will, anything you like in reason, though, of course—"

"It's something rather important," said Mr. Jones, stopping her rather neatly. "I want you to have that window closed. There's a most awful draught here. Will you?"

"But, Mr. Jones, it's so hot——"

"Ah," said Mr. Jones, "but draughts are so bad for me. You know how susceptible to chills I am. It's so beastly dangerous for me."

Mollie laughed.

"You're very careful of yourself, aren't you, Mr. Jones?" she said.

"Oh, yes," he answered seriously; "I might get pneumonia if I wasn't. You can never tell. And think how often pneumonia turns out fatal. Why, I might die, you know, quite easily!" And he shuddered all over.

Mollie laughed, a little scornfully this time.

"Your life must be very precious to you since you take such care," she said with a tiny sneer.

But here Lady Barchester came in with a tremendous volley which swept everything before it.

"Die, of course, you mustn't die, Mr. Jones, not if shutting a window can stop it. How could you come down to Barchester for Tommy's coming-of-age, if you died—of course not—Mollie, we're going to have tremendous doings for Tommy's coming-of-age, my dear, tremendous—open-air performance of 'As You Like It,' though why 'As You Like It,' when you could have something much more exciting, say, 'East Lynne,' I don't know, but they always choose 'As You Like It' for open-air performances—and an aviation meeting in the home paddock, my dear, though I feel sure they'll all kill themselves and litter the whole place with blood and bones—not my wish they should come, but Tommy's—and a big ball at night—fancy-dress and masks; but, of course, you must come, Mollie, Mr. Jones is coming, and a lot of awfully nice people; but I must get back now to some of my scarecrows. Good-bye for the present, I'll see you both later, good-bye, good-bye."

When she had gone, Mollie began to talk to the diffident, melancholy Mr. Jones. She found him rather interesting and a little baffling, and she caught herself hoping she would see more of him in the future.

The next time she met him was in Piccadilly. It was a blazing hot day, and she had been shopping. She was dead tired when she saw him.

"Oh, Mr. Jones," she said, shaking hands, "how glad I am to see you. Are you in a hurry? Because if you're not, I wish you'd bring me somewhere for tea. I'm nearly dead."

"Certainly. Pleasure," murmured Mr. Jones, with his wistful brown eyes on her face. "Where shall we go?"

"Let's go to the Continental in Regent Street," said Mollie.

So they started to cross to the Regent Street side. But Mr. Jones hesitated for so long at the edge of the pavement that Mollie glanced at him in surprise.

"Why, what's the matter?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing," he answered, with a little start. "But it's such an awful crossing—so dangerous, you know. I always hate it. They should have subways."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Mollie, a little impatiently. She was very hot, and anxious for tea. "I'll lead the way, if you like."

She started across the road, and Mr. Jones followed her. Safely over, Mollie was shocked to see that her companion's face was white and that beads of perspiration were on his forehead beneath his immaculate silk hat.

"What is it, Mr. Jones?" she said quickly. "Are you ill?"

"No, no," he said; "it's only that awful crossing. It's—it's unnerved me."

"How funny you are!" said Mollie, surprised. "Why, it's nothing at all."

"Oh, but it is," he persisted, in his serious way; "it's most beastly dangerous. What chance would I have if one of those 'buses ran into me? Why, I'd be horribly smashed up—if not killed." And again came the convulsive shudder through his whole body.

Mollie stared at him for an instant, then, with a little laugh, gave the thing up and followed him into the Continental. At tea she found him a charming companion, and when she discovered that he was a member of a golf club to which she belonged, but did not often use, she straightway arranged a day on which to play him.

When they came out into Regent Street again, Mollie realised that she was late and called a taxi. As she was going in the same direction as Mr. Jones, she offered him a lift, which he accepted. They went spinning along at a good rate through the crowded traffic, and Mollie was enjoying herself thoroughly, when, happening to glance at her companion, she saw that he was quite white again.

"What is it now?" she asked him.

"Oh, nothing. Only, it's so dangerous at such a rate when the streets are so crowded— Oh!"

The taxi-cab swung sharply round a corner, and Mr. Jones leaned back faintly, mopping his forehead with his handkerchief.

"Heavens, I thought we were over!" he gasped. "Why do they always sweep round corners like that? It oughtn't to be allowed. Think how easy it'd be to be killed if it overturned."

"Well," said Mollie, staring at him, "you're the most extraordinary man I ever met. You seem to value your life more than anyone I know."

"But it's so beastly dangerous!" persisted Mr. Jones.

And there, as the papers say of shindies in the House of Commons, the incident terminated.

(Continued overleaf)

IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO — THE C.O.



FROM PRIVATE TO PENSIONER; OR, HOW A BRITISH SOLDIER GAINED THE EAR OF HIS COLONEL.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

When, a few days later, she met him on the links, she found that he could play a very fair game, and at the end of the afternoon she was only too willing to accede to his request that she should go round with him another day. And very shortly it came to pass that they met practically every day and played a round together.

One day Mr. Jones arrived at the golf club-house very breathless and hot, and with his hair and clothes disordered.

"What on earth have you been doing, Mr. Jones?" asked Mollie.

"Most unpleasant!" gasped Mr. Jones. "Met a tramp who asked me for money. When I refused, he used the most horrible language, and threatened to thrash me—in broad daylight, too!"

"So you had a fight," supplemented Mollie. "You won, I hope?"

"Fight! Great heavens, no!" said Mr. Jones. "Why, I ran away."

"Ran away?"

"Yes, of course. He followed me for quite a long way, but I out-distanced him. I must have run quite a mile."

"You mean to tell me," asked Mollie, "that you've run a mile from a tramp because he threatened to thrash you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Jones nodding his head. "It would have been so dreadful if he really did thrash me, you know. It's so dangerous getting knocked about like that. You might get badly crocked, you know."

"Oh!" said Mollie, and turned her back on him.

She was very silent while they were going round the links together, and it was unfortunate that Mr. Jones should have decided to propose at the eighteenth hole.

"Marry you?" said Mollie. "Indeed, not! I could never marry a coward."

"So you think me a coward," said Mr. Jones, with a hurt look in his big brown eyes.

"What else can I think after the exhibitions you've given me? Afraid of crossing a road, afraid of a taxi, afraid of a tramp—why, it's the most barefaced cowardice."

Mr. Jones was silent for a few moments.

"I'm not really a coward, Miss Symington," he said at last, in his quiet, sad tones; "only I'm so—nervous about some things. A man can't help feeling nervous."

"Well, anyhow, I couldn't marry a—nervous man," said Mollie decidedly. Then, seeing the stricken look on his face, she added something about still remaining friends. But Mr. Jones only shook his head miserably.

Mollie saw him no more at the club, and, though she kept a sharp look-out for him in town, she saw nothing of him. He seemed to have vanished utterly, and when a month had passed Mollie began to feel unhappy and anxious about him.

Then came the day on which Tommy Barchester's coming-of-age was to be celebrated. Mollie left London late, and when she arrived at Barchester the afternoon was well advanced.

Lady Barchester, all alone, was pacing up and down the drawing-room when Mollie was shown in.

She rushed forward and grasped Mollie's hands.

"Oh, so glad to see you, Mollie, my dear," she said. "Looking well, too, my dear. I wish I were, instead of this awful suspense—racking. I call it—those airmen, you know, flying in the home paddock—not my wish at all, but Tommy's—twelve of them, and I feel sure they'll kill themselves. I couldn't bear to look, so I came in here, and I gave strict instructions to the servants that the mangled corpses are to be brought into the house by the servants' entrance, so that I won't see them, my dear; but it'll be so awful, twelve shattered bodies lying strewn around, and inquests, twelve of them, coroners and jurymen sitting on them for weeks—awful!" And Lady Barchester began to pace up and down faster than ever. Mollie laughed.

"Don't worry, Lady B., she said. "They'll be all right. But are they flying now?"

"Yes."

"Then I must go and see them."

She remained with Lady Barchester until she was rather less agitated, and then walked down to the home paddock.

There was a tremendous crowd of spectators along the side of the paddock, all with necks craned upwards, intently watching the evolutions of the only machine in the air—a big biplane. A little further on was a clear space in which were standing several other

aeroplanes, surrounded by pilots and their friends. These, too, had their faces turned up, watching. Mollie, staring up in her turn, was immediately held spellbound and breathless. High in the sky the biplane was performing the most marvellous acrobatics. It turned over in a perfect loop, climbed the air again, and came whirling down perpendicularly on its tail, to the accompaniment of a long-drawn gasp from the spectators. Righting itself, it climbed again, only to go steeply over, first on the left wing, then on the right. It seemed to Mollie as though some gigantic porpoise were gambolling in space; but the marvel of it was increased as she realised that it was only a man on a man-made machine playing pitch-and-toss with death.

The airman began to descend in a spiral volplané. Tommy Barchester came hurrying up, a wide grin on his homely countenance.

"Isn't it grand, Mollie?" he said. "Come and see him land."

Mollie followed him to the cleared space. Before they reached it the airman had descended and stopped his machine, while the ground rang with the applause of the crowd. Just as Mollie and her companion came up the airman scrambled down from his machine and, taking out a cigarette, lit it with perfectly steady fingers.

Then he turned, and Mollie saw that it was Mr. Jones.

"Good man, Jones!" said Tommy Barchester, beaming. "It was great! Let me introduce——"

But Mollie was staring, fascinated.

"You!" she gasped. "You!"

"Yes," said Mr. Jones, in his sad voice. "Why not?"

"You!" said Mollie, again.

"So you know him," said Tommy. "The great Jones, you know, Mollie."

"The man who flew from Kettering to Cairo?" said Mollie, tonelessly.

"Yes," said Tommy.

"The man who's acknowledged to be the most daring airman of them all?"

"Yes," said Tommy. Mr. Jones flushed awkwardly.

"The man who's had the worst falls, the most thrilling escapes of any of them?" pursued Mollie.

"Yes," said Tommy, for the third time.

"Oh, what's the good of going into all that?" said Mr. Jones uncomfortably. "Let's go to the house. I want a drink—I'm very thirsty."

They began to thread their way through the crowd, which now began to press upon Mr. Jones, congratulating him, pestering for autographs, adoring him. At last they were clear of the crowd, and Mollie and Mr. Jones found themselves together, Tommy having stopped to chat to a friend.

"And the last time we met I called you a coward," said Mollie still dazed. "How can I apolo——"

"Oh, don't—don't," said Mr. Jones. "I suppose I am a cow—nervous about some things. But I always feel so safe in the old 'bus."

"The old 'bus?" queried Mollie.

"I mean the aeroplane, you know," said Mr. Jones. "Not a real 'bus—not a motor-bus. Motor-buses are such beastly dangerous things, you know. I hate them."

Mollie stopped and looked at him.

"Well," she said at last, "I said before that you were the most extraordinary man I ever met, and I was right."

"Then you don't think me a coward any longer?" asked Mr. Jones.

"A coward——" Mollie broke off, but her tone was enough. They walked on in silence for a little.

Then Mr. Jones asked very diffidently, very stammeringly—

"Er—Miss Symington—er—that is—I mean, is there—any chance of your changing your mind about marrying me, now?"

Mollie flushed deeply. She was silent for a little, then she answered shyly, "I think I'd answer differently, now."

There was a pause, then Mr. Jones made to take her in his arms.

"No, not now," said Mollie hastily; "not with all these people about. Wait till we're in the house."

So they waited till they were in a secluded corner in the house. And after a long time Mollie spoke—

"When we're married," she said, "you must promise to give up flying—it's so beastly dangerous."

THE END.

BRITISH-AMERICAN TOBACCO : INCREASED PROFITS.

THE Twelfth Annual General Meeting of the British-American Tobacco Company, Ltd., was held last week at the Hotel Cecil, Strand, under the presidency of Mr. Joseph Hood (one of the Deputy-Chairmen), who was voted to the chair, Mr. James Buchanan Duke, the Chairman, being absent in America. The Secretary (Mr. A. M. Rickards) having read the Minutes of the Eleventh Annual General Meeting, the Chairman said: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I suggest that we take the Report of the Directors and Accounts, as audited, as read, and the Secretary will now read the Auditor's Certificate." The Secretary accordingly read the Certificate of Sir William Plender (of the firm of Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Co.), chartered accountant, appended to the accounts.

Rising to move the adoption of the Report and Balance-Sheet, the Chairman, after remarking upon the increased number of shareholders, took each item of the Balance-Sheet, and commented upon it. In the course of his speech, he said: "'Provision for Redemption of Coupons' is increased by £12,722, to meet outstanding obligations on Coupons redeemable by us, which brings me to an item which appears for the first time in our Balance-Sheet; namely, 'General Reserve—£1,500,000.' If you will turn to Page 3 of the printed Report which accompanies the Balance-Sheet, you will see that we say: 'In consequence of the war, some losses will be sustained by the Company in several of the belligerent countries. The Directors have therefore come to the conclusion that it would be a prudent course to set up a fund out of which any such losses may be met. They have, accordingly, set aside the above-mentioned sum of £1,500,000 to a General Reserve which can be used for the purpose, though it should be stated, from the information available at present, it is not anticipated that the losses will amount to more than one-half of the sum so set aside and probably will not reach that figure.' Now, we had considerable interests in several of the belligerent countries at the commencement of the war, and it is obvious that those interests must have been adversely affected by the mere fact of a devastating war being in progress. At this stage, it is impossible to make an accurate forecast as to precisely what those losses will amount to—that there will be some, we have no doubt—but from the information we have, we have no reason to believe that they will exceed or will even amount to the £750,000 indicated in the paragraph I have just quoted.

"I may mention that in Germany, where we had considerable interests in the form of shareholdings in German companies and loans to those companies, we have, since the close of our financial year, with the consent of the Home Secretary, acting upon the advice of the Committee on Trading with the Enemy—which consent was, I should like to say, very promptly given—granted a Power of Attorney to a gentleman in Germany in whom we have every confidence, and he has, with the approval of the German Government, entered into and completed negotiations for the transfer of our interests in Germany. It is true that we are not permitted to, and cannot, receive any proceeds of the sale of those interests until after the conclusion of the war, and even then we shall not receive the whole of the proceeds at once, as we have agreed to the payments being extended over some years, with interest. Upon the whole, the Directors think that the right course in a difficult position has been adopted. In one of the other countries we have had some of the supplies (though not of large value) of a company in which we are interested commandeered, and a receipt given for them, but, taking the whole of the belligerent countries together, we are looking forward with confidence that the £750,000 already mentioned will more than cover any losses which we may sustain, though, as I have said before, it is impossible, as I think you will readily understand, at this stage to make any accurate forecast. We do not doubt you will agree that, under the circumstances which have happened, the building up in previous years of a carry-forward of undivided profits of nearly two millions has been a complete justification of the Board, enabling as it does the creation of a General Reserve Fund of 1½ millions without trenching at all upon the current profits."

"The last item," he went on, "'Profit and Loss,' shows an available balance of £1,399,393. On reference to the Profit and Loss Account, you will notice that we brought forward at the commencement of the financial year £1,973,902, to which must be added the profits of £2,177,022, an increase on last year of £25,186, and a total of £4,150,924. Now, you will remember that during the financial year we had two months of the war, and but for that two months we should have made an even better showing. However, I think that on the whole you will consider that the Balance-Sheet is a satisfactory one, and, whilst I am upon this particular item, I would like to mention that in August last the Board in its discretion made a grant of £15,000 to the Prince of Wales's Fund, and,

in addition, it promised to such of the Company's officials and employes engaged in this country who enlisted, or were called upon for active service prior to a certain date, to keep their positions open for them and to supplement their Army or Navy pay and allowances, in most cases, to an amount which brought them up to the wages received from us. There was, however, a limit both as to amount and the time during which the Company should be responsible, more particularly with regard to those receiving salaries. We have had between 600 and 700 of our employes from the Head Office and English factories join the Colours, and the amount, roughly, which it is costing us for those contributions is about £500 per week, or, say, at the rate of £26,000 a year. Having regard to the critical times in which we are living, to our world-wide interests, and the necessity for every effort to be made to bring this war to a satisfactory conclusion, the Directors do not doubt that the shareholders will heartily approve of the course they have adopted. I may mention that quite a number of our employes abroad have resigned and joined the Colours, but they do not come within the scheme just mentioned, although their positions will be kept open for them. Now with regard to the war, I would like to remind you that the Government adopted the course, shortly after the commencement of the war, I believe for the first time, of arranging to give free to the Expeditionary Force supplies of tobacco and cigarettes, and in the early stages we were called upon for urgent supplies for the troops, and were working our Bristol and Liverpool factories night and day to comply with the Government's requirements, and we have continued supplying tobacco and cigarettes for the Expeditionary Force and the Navy. We have also supplied many outside sources with tobacco and cigarettes for the Expeditionary Force, as, of course, our extensive factories in this country give us facilities for the output of large quantities of goods made in bond.

"You will see that we have paid in the shape of Preference dividends £188,297, an increase in amount of nearly £72,000 over last year because of the further Preference issue, and the four interim dividends on the Ordinary shares already paid absorbed £1,063,234. After appropriating the £1,500,000 to the General Reserve, we have remaining to be dealt with the sum of £1,399,393, and, turning again to the Report, you will see that we recommend the distribution on the 12th of this month of a final dividend (free of British income tax) on the Ordinary shares of 7½ per cent., amounting to £469,074, which will leave the carry-forward at £930,319. Although we show a profit of £2,177,022, the Preference dividends and the interim and final dividends on the Ordinary shares only absorb £1,720,605, leaving a balance out of the year's profits of £456,417, equal to a further dividend on the Ordinary shares of over 7 per cent. which it would have been possible to pay. In other words, we could out of the year's earnings have paid 31½ per cent. free of income tax. After careful consideration, however, we do not think it would be wise, having regard to the state of affairs existing throughout the world and the necessity to conserve resources and the large amount placed to General Reserve, to recommend the payment of a final dividend of more than 7½ per cent. It is true that the Directors have also declared an interim dividend payable on the same day of 2½ per cent., so that the shareholders will receive 10 per cent. on their Ordinary shares on Tuesday next (January 12). The dividend of 24½ per cent. as compared with 27½ per cent. last year shows a reduction of 3 per cent. Upon that point, I may remind you that we pay free of income tax, which, at 1s. 8d. in the £, which would have been deductible on the June and September interim dividends, and the present final dividend, if we had paid our dividends less income tax instead of free of income tax, would amount to a further 2 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, or equal for the year to 26½ per cent. less income tax. The course of paying dividends less income tax is the one adopted by nearly all other Companies, but we continue, as we have always done, to pay free of income tax. Now that income tax is to be 2s. 6d. in the £, that will be, of course, an important point for shareholders when considering the return on our shares as compared with those of other enterprises.

"Referring for a moment to the prospects of the Company, I should like to say we have no reason to complain. It is true that exchange in some parts of the world is not good, which to some extent affects our profits, but, on the whole, we are not dissatisfied with our prospects for the present financial year, and have confidence that it will be a successful one." Concluding, he said: "I now formally move the adoption of the Report and Balance-Sheet for the year ended 30th September last, including the payment on the 12th January inst. of a final dividend of 7½ per cent. upon the issued Ordinary shares (free of British income tax)."

Mr. Lawrence Hignett seconded, and, after a brief discussion, the motion was carried unanimously. The retiring Directors were re-elected, as was the Auditor.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Official Lack of Imagination.

We certainly do not err on the side of spectacular display in this war, probably because we feel so seriously, and are convinced that no energy should be wasted in shouting and waving of banners. Even the music-halls are in nowise "Jingo," and patriotic tableaux, in which a stout young person in a blonde wig and a helmet brandishes a trident, arouse no manifestations whatever. In short, we do not demonstrate, but get to work—the most promising sign that the nation "means business." Never was England so silent, so tense, so resolved to make every effort and win thoroughly. And yet, as Mr. Austin Harrison points out in an able article called "The Lion in Blinkers," we might reasonably make use of situations and happenings which are all to our favour. It was a great political "move" to bring Indian troops to Europe to fight side by side with ours for the Empire. Yet no use was made of it. The only people who saw the Oriental soldiers land were the inhabitants of Marseilles, who are accustomed to the coming and going of dusky warriors from Algiers and Tunis. And yet the conveying of all these men in safety, as well as the brigades from Canada, was one of the most remarkable feats of the war. Neither Canadians nor Indians received a welcome in London, or had a show of their own.

Did the Kaiser possess these loyal soldiers from beyond the seas, their arrival would have been made a national holiday, and everyone would have done them honour. Truly, we seem a little lacking in imagination in our great crisis. Elizabeth's small England, faced with as great a menace, acted with more regard to the feelings and emotions of the People. It is true that her ruler was a woman—and a great woman.

War and Art.

It was inevitable that a conflict on such a scale should absorb every interest, every manifestation of the human spirit, and that painting, literature, music should all be drawn into the vortex, or at any rate be affected by it. Thus we have Mr. William Strang synthetising our present feelings in stern and vigorous war-studies at the Leicester Galleries. There is "The Barricade," an obstacle composed mostly of fallen French soldiers; "The Execution," in which a German is shooting a young peasant, who falls into the arms of his little son; another in which a woman appeals for mercy—all these are not so much realistic studies as symbols and emblems of the untellable horrors of this war on civilisation. More curious and more modern is the drawing called "The Aeroplane," in which many upturned faces—mostly feminine—are eagerly gazing at the sky, quite oblivious of the danger of falling bombs or arrows, in their interest at the modern marvel. In Mr. Will Dyson's fierce caricatures of a symbolic Kaiser Wilhelm—which show in every line that distinction and that power of synthesis which are essential to this art—we have a revival of the genius of our

famous cartoonists of the stormy late eighteenth century. With our past foolish party struggles and class wars a kindly talent sufficed for caricature. We shall see a revival of a sterner spirit.

Songs of the Soldiers and Sailors.

As usual, our men at the front, on land and on sea, have entirely their own ideas as to what they are going to sing; and such songs, having been marked with the approval of our fighting-men, will be the chief favourites in the pantomimes and music-halls this winter. Quite a good song is sung in "The Cockyolly Bird," at the Little Theatre, "This is the Song of Our Fleets at Sea," but I doubt if it would be popular on the lower deck, although written by Stella Callaghan, a name suggestive of a notable Admiral. Nothing is more indicative of the different moods of the hostile armies than their songs. German Hans is ordered to sing "Die Wacht am Rhein"—a machine-made patriotic song—and does so; Tommy and Jack sing "Tipperary" and similar modern ballads with infinite zest, having democratically chosen them at their own good-will and pleasure. The half-drowned sailor from H.M.S. *Formidable* who, after twenty hours half-naked in an open cutter, landed at Brixham singing "Here We are Again!" and added his own humorous comment, "Undress uniform—swimming-costume," proves that our men are unconquerable, for they are as cheery in adversity as in success. "Here we are again" has already won fame; for this exploit alone it should last as long as history records the doings of the islanders.

Woman to Woman.

Never, I suppose, has there been so much solidarity among womenfolk as during the last few months in England. They recognise the fact that while the young men—and many of the older men—are privileged to fight or work for their country, and are thereby in the limelight and certainly suffering few privations, on the middle-class woman the pinch of poverty and unemployment has fallen with desolating swiftness. Extraordinary efforts are being made to meet the untoward situation, but it is the professional classes—artists, actresses, pianists, secretaries, and journalists—who are hardest hit, and who cannot keep themselves alive by knitting socks or sewing shirts, like the out-of-work seamstress. Several hostels for ladies have been already opened, where they pay a small sum a week; but the most attractive one I have yet heard of is Helena House, in Holland Park Gardens, lent by Mr. Sandow for the duration of the war, and beautifully furnished by Mrs. James Burn. It is really comfortable, and even cosy; and although each inmate cannot have a bedroom to herself for the ten shillings, or under—which is all she has to pay for board and lodging—the "cubicles" are made pretty and gay with blue or rose-coloured curtains, and each is furnished like a tiny room. Mrs. Burn, who is doing admirable work at the Empress Club War Committee, is to be congratulated on her latest scheme of kindness.



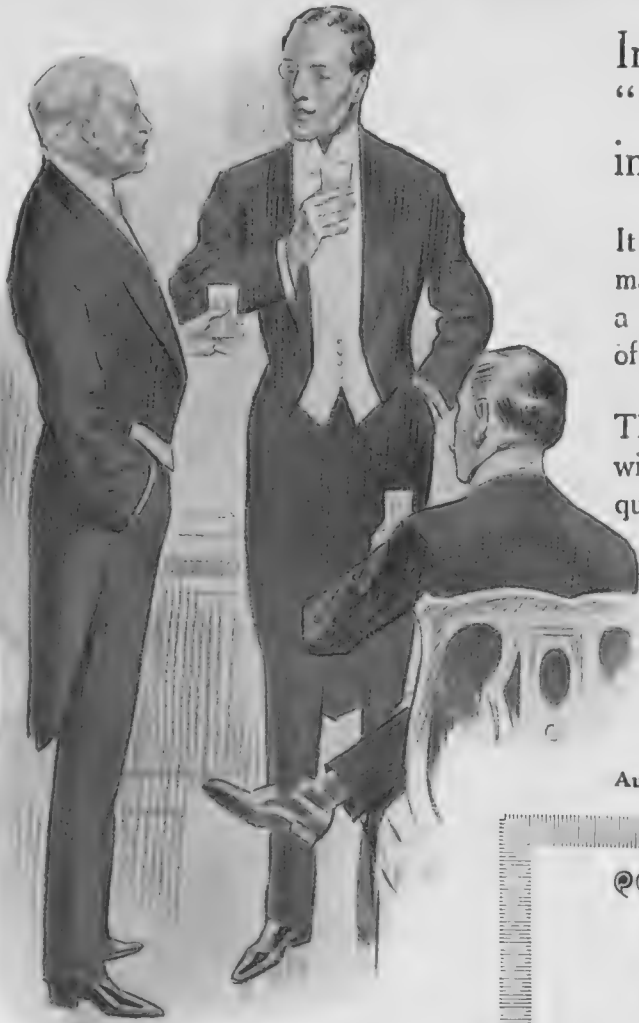
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Useful as well as smart, this travelling-coat is made of dark-green cloth, with a tunic in the same shade, the collar and cuffs being also of plaid.



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D. A. 154

Splendid Value

NO wise man buys cheap boots, but when he finds a boot—such as is here illustrated—cut from fine, selected leather, built on handsome, generous lines, and, above all, remarkably comfortable, he will count it a good thing whatever its cost. Yet Delta No. 102 is moderate in price; indeed, when its hard-wearing quality is taken into consideration, it is exceptionally moderate, and, at this time, when value for money is one of the watchwords, it is a very sound investment. The boot is easy to procure, too, being made in a wide range of sizes, any of which can be obtained from one or more shops in every district.

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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Slush-Mush. We do not complain even of the slush-mush of the London streets. As we plod cheerily about them, with the mud and wet squeezing below, and the familiar patter-patter or plom-plom above, we think to ourselves—"Ah, well, we know just a wee bit of what our muddy warriors know so much; and it is in the nature of a privilege to get through our tiny bit of inconvenience as brightly and cheerily as they contrive to get through long days and nights of real hardship." It doesn't stop women from attending the sales, it keeps no one at home from a matinée, and so it isn't really so very bad. I saw a very smart lady have a squirt of mud from a passing motor deposited on her fur-trimmed skirt; she smiled a rueful little smile, and her khaki-clad escort refrained from any lurid phrase and merely remarked, "I hope it will brush off all right." We are becoming war-time philosophers, and are quite unmoved by the patter and the plom-plom of the rain and the plish-plosh of the mud, and the constant smell and feeling of damp. A few months ago our grumblings and our groushings, and our moans and groans, would have been a mighty wail. But we are not wailing now—oh dear no, not we!

Our Military Country. London is, I believe, the capital least touched by the war, that is, if the accounts one hears of others can be depended upon. The number of uniformed men, the military aspect of the shop-windows, the Red Cross and Union Jack flags waving over houses transformed into hospitals, the constant stream of stores going from stations, are all that we see here in connection with the war. Our theatres are full for matinées, shopping goes apace, and women are becoming extremely interested in spring fashions and coming Courts. Of course, the war is the absorbing topic of conversation.

Elesco House. It is an attractive name, and it means an attractive place—the new premises of the London Shoe Company, 117, New Bond Street. It is a beautiful shoe-wear shop, and in it are the largest, most varied, and best value stocks of foot-wear. It is the policy of the Company to have the most exquisite as well as the most practical shoes and boots. The soldier man, who is so brave either at the front or route-marching here in training to go there, is grateful indeed for a pair of the London Shoe Company's boots at 35s. They are perfect marching boots of superb quality; solid English leather goes to the building up of them. The soles will not wear out, the wet will not get in, and the boot, despite its strength, is supple. Our stout-hearted men should not be made to suffer unnecessary physical trouble from wearing poor boots, which are unprotective and often cause agony. The new house on the old spot in Bond Street is a rendezvous for smart women, who know that there the smartest and handsomest foot-wear in London can be obtained—with smart women, too, who are there to order boots for menkind at the front or in camps. They find, with pleasure, that pre-war prices still obtain, because all the enormous stocks of leather were bought before the substantial rise in the price of leather occasioned by the war's demands. This cannot continue to be so; therefore to buy now is to buy economically.

The Coming Race. We have no need to fear for the coming race of Britons. Our present race gives us reason for great pride; their sons and daughters will have what they had in even fuller degree—constitutions laid on the finest foundation; that is, the scientific feeding, in their earliest days, by means of Allen and Hanbury's foods. The system is to adapt the food to the growing digestive powers of the child, and to begin by supplying, when necessary, the very best and most scientifically prepared milk for infants. Allen and Hanbury's have devoted special study to this most important matter, and their success is admitted in all parts of the world. Their Allenbury's germ-free Milk Foods form magnificent nourishment for infants. No mother who values the health and well-being of her little ones should be without the book issued by the firm, "Infant Management and Feeding." It will be sent free to any of my readers on application to Allen and Hanbury's, Ltd., Lombard Street, E.C.

It gives minute directions as to the preparation and quantity of food, directions as to infantile and childish ailments, and all weights and general information about young children. There are products of this firm especially interesting now, such as "Bynin" liquid malt, "Byno" phosphates, Allenbury's liquid beef, also milk-cocoa and milk-food chocolate—all things of great importance to those who desire to send comforts and aids to speedy recovery to invalids, or to tend them at home.

Hail, Columbia! I have been

talking to a friend just back from New York. She says the American feeling is strongly with the Allies, and that war is much more an absorbing interest there than it (apparently) is in London. Americans, she says, are in keener sympathy with the French than with the English. They believe the latter to give themselves airs where they, the Americans, are concerned. However, she says that, although seventeen per cent. of the American nation are of German parentage or actually born in Germany, they do not seem to have commended themselves greatly to the remainder of the population, for no one appears to

want Germany to win. The observance of formal neutrality is a political necessity, since the German vote is important. Informally, Americans are with us to a woman, and almost to a man.

Two publications, rich in reliable information of wide general interest, but of special utility to those intimately concerned with literary, journalistic, artistic, or official work—"Who's Who" and "Who's Who Year-Book," for 1915 and 1914-15 respectively—have just been published by Messrs. A. and C. Black. More comprehensive than ever, they should find a place wherever such personal details of well-known people are required.

In our recent reference to the 1915 edition of "Debrett's Peerage," we regret that we inadvertently attributed that indispensable reference-book to the wrong publishers. We should have said that it is published by Messrs. Dean and Son, Ltd., 160a, Fleet Street, E.C., and that the editor is Mr. Arthur G. M. Hesilrige. The work is, as usual, admirably comprehensive and brought well up to date, and is turned out in excellent style.



A NEW PEERESS: THE COUNTESS OF BRADFORD; WITH HER YOUNGER CHILDREN.

The new Countess of Bradford, hitherto known as Viscountess Newport, was married in 1904. She is the eldest daughter of the second Baron Aberdare, and was known before her marriage as the Hon. Margaret Cecilia Bruce. Her younger children are seen with her in the photograph; the only son, the Hon. Gerald Michael Bridgeman, born in 1911, now Viscount Newport (left), and the Countess's second daughter, Lady Anne Pamela Bridgeman, born in 1913 (right). Lord and Lady Bradford's eldest child, Lady Helen Diana Bridgeman, was born in 1907.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

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THE L.C.C.'s LUCK : TO TICKLE THE RIBS OF THE IRON HORSE? : BIG PROFITS.

A New Mark for London.

The fact that the London County Council has once more had to obtain from the Local Government Board a new index-mark—L.O., to wit—is a striking testimony to the rate at which motoring is progressing in London. When the registration system was first put into force it was stipulated that no number-plate should carry more than four figures; consequently, whenever a county has issued its 9999th plate it must needs apply for a fresh index-mark. Now the London County Council already boasts twelve different marks, as follows: A., L.C., L.N., L.B., L.D., L.A., L.E., L.F., L.H., L.K., L.L., and L.M. This means, of course, that nearly 120,000 registration numbers have been issued in the L.C.C. area alone. This area, it must be borne in mind, is a very different thing from that of the Metropolitan Police, London from the County Council's point of view being relatively a small place as compared with the Metropolis as a whole. As scarcely any motor-cars are manufactured in the L.C.C.'s own domain, the overwhelming preponderance of registrations in that one quarter might appear somewhat curious at first sight; but it shows clearly enough that London is the buying mart of the world for motor-cars, and that the majority of the registrations have been taken out from the London motor-car depots on the completion of sales.

A Lucky Council.

The London County Council has always enjoyed an enviable position in this respect, and may consider itself decidedly lucky in drawing this huge revenue, which is all practically clear profit, for its responsibilities as to the erection of special danger-signs, etc., fall far below those of other counties. The whole of the L.C.C. area is urban, and, when every street-corner alike is a source of danger, there is no necessity for the erection of warning signs; whereas county councils which have many miles of high-roads and by-roads to maintain have to deal, in consequence, with a totally different class of conditions. Of course, it is all very absurd, but apparently an inevitable complement of our system of local government, which entails heavy charges upon a county with a small revenue, many roads, and dangerous corners, and at the same time allows Central London to rake in registration fees hand over fist and put the proceeds in its own pocket. Even more unsatisfactory, moreover, is the "nasty" way in which the London County Council has administered its registration and licenses department of late years; it has clamoured for its pound of flesh, treated car-owners with systematic harshness, and almost invariably endeavoured to strain the law at every point.

Repairers Busy.

It is popularly supposed that, while a very large proportion of the motoring industry is working day and night on War Office and Admiralty contracts, there is little or nothing doing in the way of the production of ordinary touring-cars. As a matter of fact, I have reason to know that matters are far better in this respect than the public imagines,

and that the makers of medium-powered cars at attractive figures are doing by no means badly. Where matters are really humming, however, outside special Government work, is in the repair-shops, particularly those of London. Not only have they large numbers of cars to handle which have been sent over from the seat of war, but there has been an extraordinary influx of late owing to accidents. These have been partly due, of course, to the very much overdone darkening of London, and partly to the awful weather of December, with its accompaniment of greasy roads.

Spurs for Military Motorists.

War Office red tape is a byword, but few motorists can have been prepared for the statement in *Truth* to the effect that officers in the Mechanical Transport Section of the Army Service Corps have to wear spurs as part and parcel of their full-dress uniform. The next thing to expect will be an Army Order requiring bridles to be fitted on to motor-bonnets.

Some Balance-Sheets.

As the war broke out before the close of the financial year of various well-known motor-manufacturing concerns, it is only natural to expect some diminution in their profits. Some substantial achievements have, nevertheless, to be recorded. The Rolls-Royce firm, for example, whose year ended on Oct. 31, has made a net profit of £76,850 12s. 9d., after deducting all depreciations, etc., as compared with a profit of £91,183 19s. 5d. in the previous year. Messrs. D. Napier and Son, whose year ended on Sept. 30, made a profit of £75,197 9s. 11d., although they were hit at both ends, for the works were completely stopped for two months in 1913 owing to labour troubles. Sundry other balance-sheets show the enormous strides which have been made by the light-car movement. Whereas, for example, Messrs. Singer and Co. made £9164 in 1913, their profit last year was nearly five times as great—namely, £45,721. The Swift Com-

pany advanced from £15,002 in 1913 to £25,194 in the first ten months of last year; while the firm of Calcott Brothers showed an increase from £2243 to £10,032. These three firms, as every motorist knows, have been particularly prominent in the production of sound and successful light cars.



PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS: A MOTOR FIELD-KITCHEN BUILT SOMEWHAT AFTER THE STYLE OF A LONDON COFFEE-STALL.

This motor field-kitchen is a gift to the Queen of the Belgians and sent through Dr. Hector Munro, of the famous Flying Ambulances. The chassis was presented by Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Clifton and friends. The body was specially designed, built, and presented by Messrs. Barker and Co., Ltd., the well-known coach-builders, of 66, South Audley Street. The windows are fitted with "Triplex" glass.—[Photograph by Campbell Gray.]



A MOTOR FIELD-KITCHEN GIVEN TO THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS: AN INTERIOR VIEW.

The top of each side of the body is made to open out; and the lower part of each side to form a shelf. The interior is fitted with two complete sets of stoves, boilers, sinks, and so on. There are numerous cupboards and lockers for provisions, cooking-utensils, etc. Electric light is fitted within and without.—[Photograph by Campbell Gray.]

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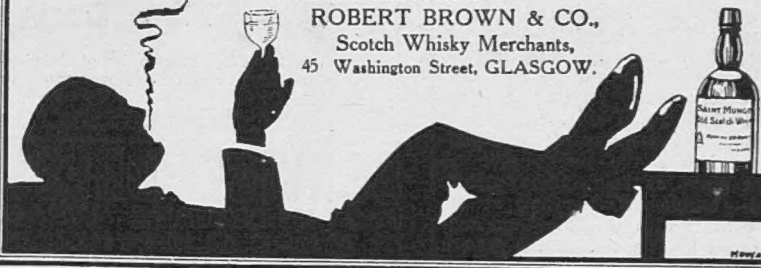
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

MISS JULIA NEILSON and Mr. Fred Terry are back in town at the Strand Theatre, to the great delight of the multitude which worships them. They are appearing, too, in a good specimen of just the sort of play in which they have won their great popularity. "Mistress Wilful" is a play of the Stuart period—rather later than "Nell Gwynn," for the heroine is King Charles's daughter—and it is very gallant and full of "thees" and "thous," and Mr. Fred Terry is a splendid figure of a fellow, and Miss Neilson wears some very attractive frocks, and is wilful and sentimental and frisky and dramatic by turns, and in every way is exactly what her admirers expect and wish her to be. He is a tailor's apprentice, and she is thought by him to be the tailor's daughter. They marry at sight—he for the sake of the business, and she for the sake of freedom from tutelage in a convent; and they rapidly fall in love, which is not declared till the end because her innocent flirtations with Prince James, who is really her brother, seem to her husband to be something very different from what they really are. It is all quite artificial, but picturesque, and Mr. Ernest Hendrie has pieced it together skilfully from a book by Mr. Frank Barrett; and the two leading players are well-supported, particularly by Mr. C. W. Somerset, who plays with quiet distinction a reflective and paternal Charles II. making atonement for the errors of his past.

The Belgian company at the Criterion have followed up "Le Mariage de Mlle. Beulemans" with another little play of Brussels life, "La Demoiselle de Magasin," by Jean François Fonson and Fernand Wicheler, which, though by no means so fresh and captivating, is yet a very pleasant entertainment. The central figure is an

old furniture-dealer who is rescued from total failure by the arrival of a young lady with business instincts, who takes charge of everything and everybody, and ends by winning for the old man the Cross of the Order of Leopold and marrying his son. There had been difficulties about this marrying caused by the furniture-dealer's family pride—difficulties which were not easy to understand if the play was intended to be a comedy of real life; but there was much that was witty, and the old man was a well-drawn character on slightly farcical lines, and admirably played by M. Libeau. Excellent, too, was the very humble shop-assistant played by M. Desplas; and Mlle. Jane Delmar was very attractive as the heroine.

"Whitaker's Peerage" (5s. net), of which the 1915 edition is now ready, is a very handy little book of reference. Like other works of its kind, it has been affected by the war, not only in the matter of casualties among members of the aristocracy, but also by promotions and appointments due to the military and naval operations. As many of these as was possible up to the date of publication have been embodied in the book.

"Whitaker's Almanack," for 1915 contains many useful articles on subjects connected with the war, including a diary of events down to the fall of Tsingtau and an outline of the naval and military operations during the first few months in various parts of the world. Other sections deal with the cost of the war, its effect on trade, the forces of the belligerents, and so on. In other respects "Whitaker's Almanack" retains its familiar features, and as a work of reference is as indispensable as ever.

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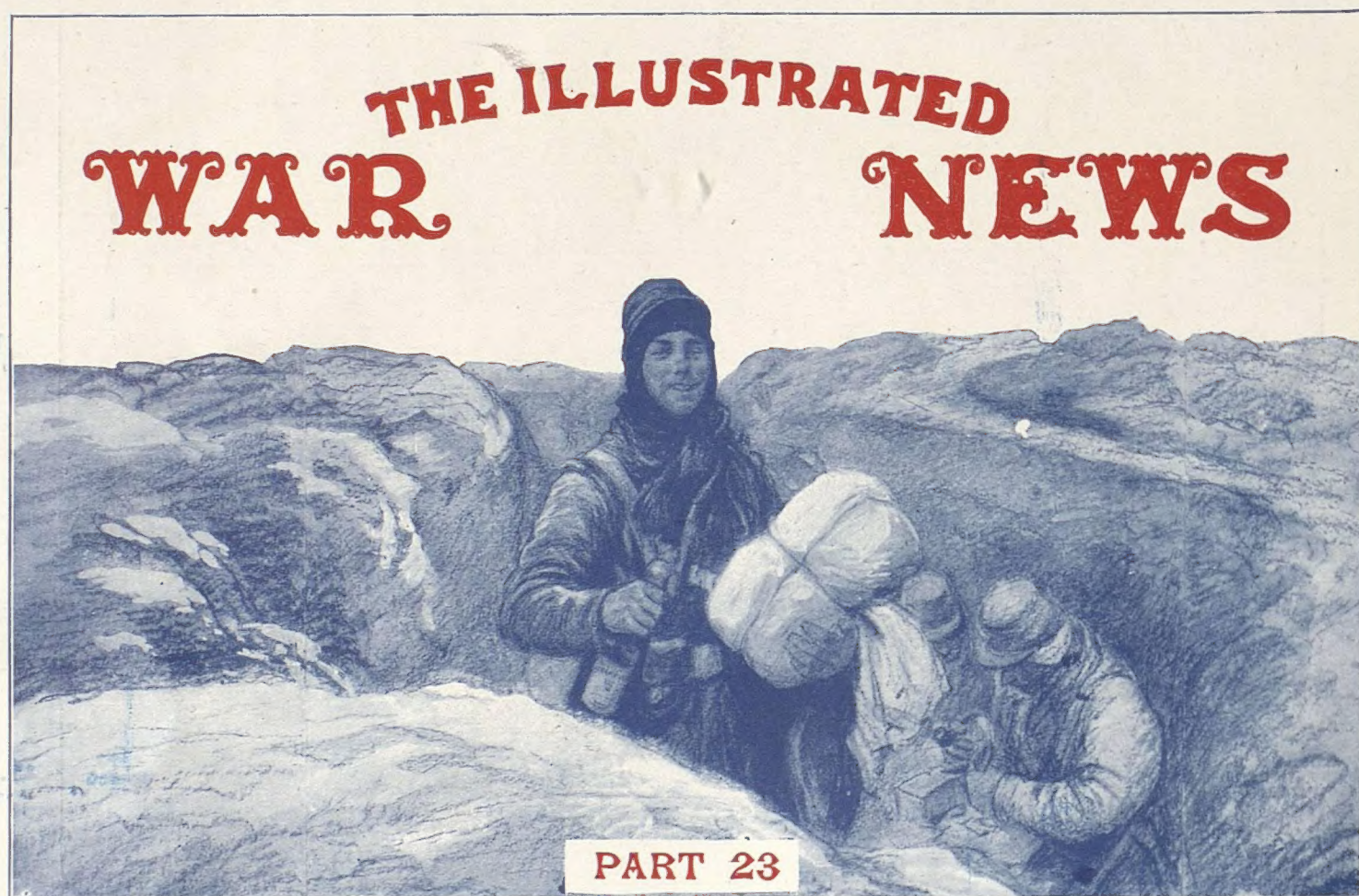
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